

FREMONT WEEKLY FREEMAN.

VOLUME IV.

FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, JANUARY 13, 1853

NUMBER 39.

FREMONT FREEMAN:

J. M. M. IN, Editor and Publisher.

The Freeman is published every Thursday morning—Office in Buckland's Brick Building—third story; Fremont, Sandusky county, Ohio.

TERMS.

Single copy, per year, in advance, \$1.00
Paid within the year, 90c
Town subscribers will be charged \$1.25. The difference between the terms is the price on paper delivered in town and those sent by mail, because of the expense of carrying.

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Do Six months, 2.50
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Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
And Solicitors in Chancery,
WILL attend to Professional Business and Land Agency in Sandusky and adjoining counties.
Office—3d Story, Buckland's Block, Fremont.
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Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
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Office—Second story, Buckland's Block.
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AND GENERAL
STAGE OFFICE:**
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No efforts will be spared to promote the comfort and convenience of Guests.
Good Stabling and careful Ostrerlinia attendance.
Fremont, November 24, 1849—36

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DR. R. S. RICE.
Continues the practice of Medicine in Fremont and adjacent country.
Office, as formerly, on Front street, opposite Deal's new building.
Fremont, Nov. 23, 1850.—37

Eclectic Physicians.
DOCTORS Wm. W. Karshner & Wm. H. Karshner, Office: South East corner of Pike and Front Streets, Fremont, Ohio, where one or both of us will be found at all times to attend to Professional calls.
Fremont, July 21st, 1852.—1y.

Miscellaneous.

From the Free Press.

Extracts from the Journal Of
Mrs. Lucia M. Shoemaker, who went to California by the Overland Route.

LETTER XI.

July 20th, 1852.

Have been suffering, this hottest of all days, with headache, and find "lying by," far more tiresome than traveling. We did not stop where we first reached the Meadows, but camped two miles beyond where we obtained poor water from a slough, but so much better than in any former year, that we do not complain.

July 27th. Still at the meadows—very sultry—oppressively warm, and mosquitoes swarm like bees. We left this place at five o'clock P. M. and rode all night—here the Humboldt sinks into the ground; and we feel no regret, in bidding adieu to so mean a river. Here we ventured to water our stock running a risk which has never been attempted before—but as we could not drink it ourselves, we brought water from the Meadows to cook with and to drink, but cold coffee is much better.

July 28th. We have passed the most tedious day here at the sink. The sun shines intolerably hot and were it not for an occasional breeze, we should nearly suffocate—Baked salt rising bread, currant pies, rice pudding, and boiled a ham, to last to Carson Valley.—We left our camping place at 5 o'clock P. M. and stopped two hours at midnight to rest and feed our teams. The moon is shining as brightly upon this barren desert as though clothed with the richest verdure.

July 29th. At daylight we stopped an hour for breakfast, having made 23 miles from the Sink. It is 12 miles from here to Carson River, through deep gravelly sand—by far the worst portion of the Desert. Here we saw hundreds of waggons! some of them in fragments, other perfectly good, standing besides the road—the cattle having given out, and gone on for water. The old iron scattered along here, would make quite a little fortune. I rode this 12 miles on horseback, in advance of the train and arrived at the river by 9 o'clock. By 11, our train came in, all of them very tired—but had no trouble, except leaving a few head of stock which they brought in at night, by carrying back water to them. We found men on the Desert with water to sell, at fifty cents per gallon. Having accomplished the journey of this long dreaded Desert, I will say, that it is nothing to what I expected. Cattle that died in '49 and '50 (and there are hundreds of them) remain perfect yet.

July 30th. Carson River affords excellent water, and it is quite a treat to obtain that which is free from alkali. We stopped on the river, two miles after reaching it. To-night a Mr. Lincoln was buried from the Osage train who are camped with us. He had been sick some time with the Mountain fever, and had suffered very much. We left camp after dinner, and proceeded up the river a few miles, where we stopped in a beautiful spot surrounded by large trees. Here we received a visit from Martin Smith, an old acquaintance (Emma Follet's brother) and a Mr. McClellan, who had come to Carson Valley to buy cattle. They stayed to supper, and we exerted ourselves to give them the very best—the house afforded—coffee, light bread, maple molasses, ham, peach pies, and some fruit cake which I brought from home.

July 31st. Mr. Smith, ate breakfast with us, and stayed in camp till we started.—The road here very rocky, left the river for fourteen miles. We are now stopping under some large trees, and find their shade quite a luxury. Three miles further camped for the night.

August 4th. We have had no good roads since we came to this river; they have been either very rocky, or very deep and sandy.—We find Trading Posts or Groceries, every few miles. Reached Carson Valley to-day, which is truly beautiful. It is very wide, and watered by the purest streams flowing from the mountains on either side, into the river, which wanders through its centre. Here we found an abundance of the finest grass.—Whisky is the principal article found at the Trading Post, which is sold to the poor emigrant, at 50 cents per drink, and pies at \$1 a piece.

The mountains are covered with large Pine and Cedar trees, and look beautiful. The day has been pleasant, but to-night the wind blows cold from the snow-clad summits of the Sierra Nevada.

August 5. Six miles after starting our road led into a canon, where for some distance we had the finest roads through groves of beautiful trees, which however were not to last long. The road gradually became bad. In fact all the rocky hills since we left Independence were nothing but heaps of stones piled upon each other, with scarcely a space between them. None of them smaller than a barrel and many of them, four times as large! It seemed impossible to pass over them without breaking our waggons all to pieces.

We crossed Carson river, over bridges three times to-day, for \$15. After this descended into a most beautiful valley, where we are camped for the night, and shall remain to-morrow, that our teams may rest and recruit on this fine grass. We are surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains without any visible opening; and I often wonder, how the first person ever found a road over the difficult and dangerous heights.

We have come 19 miles to-day, and I have not been so much fatigued since we started. Have walked nearly all the way—this forenoon, from choice—this afternoon from necessity.

August 6th. How pleasantly has passed the day, in this delightful valley, where we have good water, and plenty of dry cedar to burn. We are glad to bid adieu to willows, grasswood, and sage forever.

Have baked light bread, rusk, and gooseberry pies to-day, and spent some time in washing and dressing Mrs. Allison's children, and repairing their wardrobe, which I found sadly neglected.

August 7th. We came to a large lake this morning, soon after starting, where we commenced our ascent up the mountains, over the roughest of roads, three miles to the summit, and two more to Rocky Valley, where we "nooned" a short time, but found no grass.—We then came down a steep mountain to Green Wood Lake; from thence we ascended

the about six miles to the top. We could see the highest peak of Sierra Nevada, being about six miles to the top. We could see the road in advance of us, almost above our heads. We camped part way, and drove the cattle down a ravine two miles for grass, which is hard to find, and very scarce. Have walked nearly all day, the road being so bad I could not ride in a wagon and dared not ride on horseback.

August 8th. We started very early this morning, over a good part of the way lying in the rocky bed of a stream, much swollen by the melting of snow from a neighboring mountain; and in its rapid flow and roaring surf, the strong beatings of our own excited hearts could be felt, though not heard! It was here where we began to realize, what we had expected long ago to find on this trip to California, viz: That 4 and 5 yoke of oxen were needed to draw a wagon up such steep, sliding, and rocky roads. As we neared the summit, we passed over snow two feet deep! which will seem strange to others, but not to us, accustomed as we are to almost everything. The view from the summit of this mountain, is truly magnificent. We could see Green-Wood Lake, before mentioned, and Tragedy Lake, as large, in advance of us. I picked from these barren heights a great variety of beautiful, small flowers, and different kinds of moss, which spring up between the rocks wherever there is the least particle of earth; and as I gathered handful after handful, and saw them wither and die, I could not but wish I had the power to show them to my friends at home. But this wish like so many others, was a vain one.

We are camped to-night in Tragedy valley so named from a battle which Kit Carson had with the Indians, in which three of his men were killed. Their graves are here beside the road. They drove our tired and hungry cattle, three miles for grass, to Tragedy Lake which we saw this morning from the mountain. Snow is all around us and it is so cold that water freezes every night. Time begins to move on leaden wings, over this tiresome part of our journey. This is Sabbath day, but it brings no quiet rest to us. We console ourselves, however, by thinking that before another one, we shall be at the end of our journey.

August 9th. Passed Leek Springs this morning—grass is very scarce, and we have several times, bought hay at 15 cents per pound. Nothing very new to-day. Have been continually climbing over steep sandy mountains.

August 10th. Very tired to-night. Hard roads to-day, and awful dusty. Traveled 20 miles over a beautiful country. It is just one hundred days since we started—10 of which we laid by to rest. This is making the trip much sooner than you expected, and we think very quick, for so large a train.

We were much disappointed in not visiting Salt Lake. We have since seen a number who went that way, and were treated in a most respectable manner. They bought everything very cheap; and speak of the city as being beautifully situated. Nearly all the horses as they will hardly draw through a wagon without.

August 11th. We arrived here (at Hangtown) this afternoon, and took supper at the Eldorado, where we shall stay to-night. This town is built in a ravine, and consists of cloth and log cabins—most of them with awnings in front, over a plank sidewalk. The streets are narrow, and very dirty—crowded all the time with men and mules. A great deal of business is done here, both honorably and dishonorably. There is as much noise and excitement here, as in New York. The largest gambling establishment in the place is next door to us. The town contains 5,000 inhabitants. As we rode in we saw plenty of miners digging and washing gold; but the business is rather dull at present, owing to scarcity of water.

I have no doubt but you have borrowed a great deal of troubles about us, as we hear that the back emigration have suffered very much by sickness, and many have returned home discouraged, after traveling several hundred miles. If this be true, how much you have thought of us, and how welcome will be this letter, assuring you of our safe arrival at the borders of this golden land. I have not, with the exception of headache, been sick a single day since we left home.

From your affectionate

LUCIA.

TIME.

How time flies! Soon another year will have flown away. Day after day and week have glided noiselessly by, and quickly we who remain will enter upon a New Year. And O! how many reflections crowd upon the mind as we take a retrospect of the past. What changes have been wrought during the last year. How many have been laid in their graves; how many buried in the brain deep; how many hearts have been made to bleed; what tears have been wrung forth; what desolation has been poured into some souls. Are there not many who have been made widows and orphans? Others have been disgraced and plunged to ruin; some have just begun a downward course; others have been making rapid strides towards ruin; some, again, have made the fatal leap—Brothers have fallen; sisters have left us; fathers and mothers have bid us "good bye." The great, the small, the rich, the poor, the white, the black, the bond, the free, the meek—they, too, have fallen, have fallen! Friends have forsaken us, foes have arisen, and adversity has become our companion.

The voice of the oppressed has been stifled, they are handicuffed, pinioned, gagged, torn asunder, bereft of family endearments, and degraded beneath the brutes; and yet, if weary of such an existence, they try to elevate themselves to men and women, the dream has gone forth. Their shafts not bid them God speed, but shall help to return them to their abject state. Human rights have been disregarded, the law of God trampled under foot; nations have followed their own whim and pleasure, at the nod of the Devil, their chief captain. Might has been fighting against right, until her flag is all stained with blood.

By many, God has been forgotten, hell crowded out of sight, no preparation has been made for heaven, religion has been slighted, neglected—death, judgment, and eternity excluded from the memory, and the immortal soul left to provide for its own wants.

Riches, honor, and fame have been sought with ardor and zeal; time, labor, means, and talents have been expended for these; and O, how many have failed—have failed!

The Bible lies upon the shelf covered with dust, while novels and other trash have been read with avidity. Evil habits have taken a firmer hold, and good ones have been thrust aside. We all are where we never were before. Some are nearer endless punishment—others are nearer home. Many have been treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath, sinking themselves deeper and deeper in sin and guilt. Morality has been crimsoned, and profligacy has taken the place of virtue.—Hope has departed from some, and lamentations and wailings have followed. Good opportunities have been slighted, warnings unheeded, vows broken, duties neglected, sins accumulated, and vengeance defied. Expectations have been cut off, and hopes blighted, and again others built which will share the same fate.

Yes, time has witnessed all this, and much more. Time never slumbers. It speeds while I write. And each stroke of his vast pendulum alters each of us for better or for worse, and which of the two depends upon our own will. Whether we sleep or wake, time moves on with equal rapidity, bearing us onward, onward! And we are yet to pass through changes which we have never experienced. Yes, kind reader, you may stand firm against every thing else, but time will crumble you. You are not always to wear that blooming face, and exercise those sprightly limbs. Time will make his own impression. The hand and the eye that trace these eyes will soon become motionless. Our places will be filled by others. The wealth, honor, fame, beauty, wisdom, and power of this world all combined; cannot save us.—Like the leaves of the forest, when our season comes we will fall. Friendly reader, you may call this a dark picture, but it is true.—Then think of it, ponder over it and let wisdom be seen in thy conclusions.

D. Wall.

WHAT IS LIFE?

"What is life? Darkness and formless vacancy for a beginning, or something beyond all beginning—then next a dim lotos of human consciousness, finding itself adrift upon the bosom of waters without a shore—then a few sunny smiles, and many tears—a little love and infinite strife—whisperings from paradise and fierce mockeries from the anarchy of chaos—dust and ashes—and once more darkness circling round, as if from the beginning, and in this way rounding or making an island of our fantastic existence,—that is human life: that the inevitable amount of man's laughter and his tears—of what he suffers and he does—of his motions this way and that way—to the right or to the left—backwards or forwards—of all his seeming realities and all his absolute negations—his shadowy pomps and his pompous shadows—of whatever he thinks, finds, makes or mads, creates or animates, loves, hates, or in dread hope anticipates,—so it is, so it has been, so it will be, for ever and ever.

"Yet, in the lowest deep there still yawns a lower deep; and in the vast halls of man's frailty, there are separate and more gloomy chambers of a frailty more exquisite and consummate. We account it frailty that three-score years and ten make the apogee of man's pleasurable existence, and that, far before that time is reached, his beauty and his power have fallen upon weeds and forgetfulness. But there is a frailty, by comparison with which this ordinary flux of the human race seems to have a vast duration. Cases there are, and those not rare, in which a single week, a day, an hour sweeps away all vestiges and landmarks of a memorable felicity; in which the rain falls faster than the flying showers upon the mountain-side, faster than a musician scatters sounds; in which 'it was' and 'it is not' are words of the self-same tongue, in the self-same minute; in which the sun that at noon beheld all sound and prosperous, long before its setting hour looks out upon a total wreck, and sometimes upon the total abolition of any fugitive memorial that there ever had been a vessel to be wrecked, or a wreck to be obliterated.

These cases, though here spoken of rhetorically, are of daily occurrence; and, though they may seem forced by comparison with the infinite millions of the species, they are many indeed, if they be reckoned absolutely for themselves; and throughout the limits of a whole nation, not a day passes over us but many families are robbed of their heads, or even swallowed up in ruin themselves, or their course turned out of the sunny beams into a dark wilderness. Shipwrecks and nightly conflagrations are sometimes, and especially among some nations, wholesale calamities; battles yet more so; earthquakes, the famine, the pestilence, though rarer, are visitations yet wider in their desolation. Sickness and commercial ill-luck, if narrower, are more frequent scourges. And least of all, or with more darkness in its train, comes the sickness of the brain—lunacy—which, visiting nearly one thousand in every million, must, in every populous nation, make many ruins in each particular day. 'Babylon in ruins,' says a great author, 'is not so sad a sight as a human soul overthrown by lunacy.' But there is a sadder event than that,—the sight of a family-run in wrought by crime is even more appalling. Forgery, breaches of trust, embezzlement, of private or public funds—(a crime sadly on the increase since the example of Fauntleroy, by him)—these enormities, followed too and counteracted for their final result future happiness of families, by the catastrophe of suicide, most natural! ry wealthy nation, or wherever p the modes of property are constituted the vast majority under the review of public there is sufficient to make peace and comfort for a few dead, it happens that the plished within the court often the whole dire its total consequence, and made known concerns within or mighty juggernauts with its not for a moon aside, but r as the m whom it results few.

For the Freeman

REFORM.

MR. EDITOR:

A candid observer of men and things, who will carefully watch the progress and incidents of the grand drama of life, as enacted by the present generation, cannot fail to be forcibly impressed with the idea, that 'Reform' is the ruling passion of the age. Prof. Buchanan, in a lecture on max, delivered at the Cincinnati Eclectic Medical College, stated that man appeared to exhibit in his actions, the predominance of a single faculty of the mind in each different age, and that the whole history of the human family might be divided into three epochs or ages, each age being characterized by the excessive action of distinct faculty, and that there would be as many divisions or epochs, as there are distinct sentiments, feelings or faculties. Although the correctness of this doctrine may well be doubted, yet, according to it, the present age may properly be termed, at least with regard to the 'universal Yankee nation,' the age in which there is an excessive exercise of the desire for change, combined with the mechanical ideas of power, and velocity,—or, in other words, the age of 'reform,' steam and lightning. And this might be done with the same propriety that the Prof. applied the term, 'Architectural age,' to the time of the existence of Babylon, Palmyra, and those mighty cities whose memory is only preserved upon the pages of 'grey tradition,' and whose localities are now only marked by heaps of rubbish, broken obelisks and columns prostrate in the dust. Whether there be any truth in the observations of the Prof. or not, every one will agree, that this is substantially the age of 'reform.'

The records of the last half century show a union of individuals into societies for purposes of reform, to an extent never before witnessed. The first evil that engaged the attention of the philanthropic-minded, was intemperance. Temperance societies sprung up, mushroom-like, in every neighborhood, and a union of these several societies formed a grand organization under the name and title of the National, and Washingtonian temperance societies, and thus organized, the reformers sallied forth to the assistance of the 'weak against the strong.' Some were saved and many were not. The more strenuous efforts of the reformers to destroy 'King Alcohol' the more deadly did his subjects love him, resolving to stand by him to the last, and thus prove their loyalty to their liege lord in his misfortune. But the object aimed at by temperance reformers was not sufficiently extensive to occupy the world-embracing views of some Radical. He saw his aged grand mother preparing that well known evening beverage—tea. An idea struck him; he pondered—mused, and calculated the cost of the beverage; he studied anatomy, physiology, pharmacy, and consulted medical men, and finally announced the result to the world, that they must abstain from the use of tea, or be prepared to pay their debt to mother earth within a few years. The temperance reformers caught the enthusiasm, and incorporated with their temperance pledge that of total abstinence. Thus the society became totalitarians and commenced a new dispensation.

Boarding School Misses, were frightened with the idea, that the poisonous stuff would drive the color from their dear cheeks. Children were wisely told that tea would ruin their constitutions. 'For,' said the sage and enterprising parent, gravely, 'if I had never drunk tea, I should be healthier than I am.'

Thus the total dispensation continued till superseded by a grander idea. A discarded quid of tobacco lying in the gutter, found companionship in the proximity of a yet reeking cigar stub.

In their lives they were united
And in death they were not divided.

The spectacle caught the attention of 'former,' and a train of ideas—originating, for once, crept slowly through I scratched his 'progressive'—excluded himself from much—made midnight! istry, and finally p all important far form of cigars carrying its whence no listened was at—The

'Ay, my lord,' says John, 'I humbly ask your lordship's pardon. I promise never to commit the same fault again.'

'Ay,' says my lord, you are right: nobody can prevent sickness, and if you should be sick again, John, I shall see to it, though perhaps you should not complain; and I advise you shall always have the vice and the same attend—

'God bless you there'

Thus it would seem but little has been accomplished by the reform movement. Indeed it is even hinted by enemies of the movement, more people even in proportion to the number of inhabitants, use these things to excess than they did fifty years ago, when 'but little or nothing' was heard about 'reform' of this kind.

Of this assertion we will say nothing; but hope better things for the intelligence of community. The reforms here hastily glanced at, comprise only a small portion of those progressive movements which are constantly agitating the public mind and which will probably form the subject of another communication from

TIMOTHY.

Amusing Cure of Drunkenness.

The late Earl of Pembroke, who had many good qualities, but always persisted inflexibly in his own opinion, which, as well as his conduct, was often very singular—thought of an experiment to prevent the exacerbations and importunities of those about him. This was to feign himself deaf; and under pretence of hearing very imperfectly, he would always form his answer by what he desired to have said.—Among other servants was one who lived with him from a child, had served him with fidelity and affection, till at length he became his coachman. This man by degrees got into a habit of drinking, for which his lady often desired he might be dismissed.

My lord always answered, 'Yes, indeed, John is an excellent servant.'

'I say,' replied the lady, 'he is continually getting drunk, and I desire that he might be turned off.'

'Ay,' said his lordship, 'he has lived with me from a child, and as you say a trifle should not part us.'

John, however, one evening as he was driving from Kingston, overturned his lady in Hyde Park; she was not much hurt—but when she came home, she began to rattle to the Earl.

'Here,' says she, 'is that beast of a John, so drunk that he can hardly stand; he has overturned the coach, and if he is not discharged he may break our necks!'

'Ah,' says my lord, 'is poor John sick? Alas I am sorry for him.'

'I am complaining,' says my lady, 'that he is drunk, and overturned me.'

'Ay,' answered his lordship, 'to be sure he has behaved well, and shall have proper advice.'

My lady finding it hopeless to remonstrate, went away in a pet; and my lord, ordering John into his presence, addressed him very coolly in these words: 'John you know I have a regard for you, and as long as you behave well, you shall be taken care of in my family; my lady tells me you are taken ill, and indeed I see that you can hardly stand; go to bed, and I will take care that you have proper advice.'

John, being thus dismissed was taken to bed, where, by his lordship's order, a large blister was put upon his head, another between his shoulders, and sixteen ounces of blood taken from his arm. John found himself next morning in a woful plight, and was soon acquainted with the whole process, and the reason upon which it was commenced. He had no remedy, however, but to submit; for he rather would have incurred as many more blisters, than to lose his place. My lord sent very formally twice a day to know how he was, and frequently congratulated my lady upon John's recovery, whom he directed to directed to be fed with only water-gruel, and to have no company but an old nurse. In about a week, John having sent word that he was well, my lord thought fit to understand the messenger, and said, he was extremely glad that the fever had left him, and desired to see him.

'Well, John,' says he, 'I hope this is about over.'

'Ay, my lord,' says John, 'I humbly ask your lordship's pardon. I promise never to commit the same fault again.'

'Ay,' says my lord, you are right: nobody can prevent sickness, and if you should be sick again, John, I shall see to it, though perhaps you should not complain; and I advise you shall always have the vice and the same attend—

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